

Friends  
For  
Never



September 12,

*All alone. That's it no one is here to help, you are all alone in this world. Not one person would even help. They just stare at you until you get up and walk away. Even then they still watch you with their eyes wide open and the questionable looks on their faces. The humiliation of being shoved into a locker and falling on the ground and not being able to fight back. It just doesn't seem right. After all, two wrongs don't make a right.*

My name is Susan, also known in my school as The Nerd Lord. As you can tell I'm not the most popular kid in this school, in fact, I only have two friends, Bianca and Alley. Most people only want to be my friend just so I could do their homework. People have to understand I'm human, I also have feelings and a heart. Unlike the people who take advantage of me because I'm a straight A student. I want to be more like one of the popular kids, not how I am now. No one would ever want to be friends with a nerd.

Nerd. What a stupid word. Judging people by what levels their in or what grades they get. People shouldn't be judged by what they get or how smart they are, everyone should be treated equally and be known as who they really are and not who they appear to be. There are many terms to describe the people who come to school and pretend to be these popular students that everyone wants to be. I like to call them fake but everyone else knows them as The Populars.

The populars...don't even get me started on them. They are a group of three girls who think they are all that. Everyone wants to be exactly like them. Well everyone except me. I think of them as a group of fake people. They look all sweet and nice but then once you become a follower, they will take advantage of you. A perfect example is one of my old friends, Bethany, she was one of the people put under the category of a nerd. But then one day, she left me to become a follower of the populars. They took her and changed her to be just like them but they took her money for everything and they even made her do all their homework. Till this day she is still a follower.

She made a terrible mistake. No one should have to be treated like that. Not even the worst person in the world. I hate how they make her feel, telling her that she isn't pretty. That she isn't smart. They don't get what it means to have a true friend. All they have is a group of wanna-be's. That's all they will ever be. Nothing more. Nothing less. They follow them everywhere and do everything with them. I guarantee that none of their followers even remember their own name. All they remember is the stuff that the populars tell them.

There is nothing worse in the world then the populars and the way they manipulate people. They are the most churlish group of juniors ever! They think they are better than everyone else and that the only thing that matters is how they look. They dress in the same matching outfits and are always in pink. Everything they buy has to match the others. When they go to the mall they have to go to the same stores, buy the same shoes and even buy the same shades of makeup. Everyday they apply at least five different shades of eyeshadow and three layers of lipstick. Not one of those girls faces look real. Henceforth, I call them fake.

I wonder if they can even lift their eyelids with the amount of eyeshadow that they wear. But I guess they can because they manage to shove me into the lockers and tell me what they hate about me. They must think the school is under their jurisdiction or something. They have to learn that no one cares about them, that their followers just want to be popular not like you. I really wish that they would leave me alone though. I noticed today that I'm the only one who they bully. It just makes me wonder if they are just jealous of me? No they can't be, why would

someone like them be jealous of someone like me, a nerd who no one likes.

I don't understand, why me? What did I ever do or get that made them so jealous? I don't have a boyfriend that they want, so that can't be it. I don't have anything that they want. Do I? What would they want of mine? Could they be jealous of my intellectuality? No. Why would someone as pretty and fake as them want to be as smart as me? But it could be they might actually want to be as smart as me. But I doubt it. They can't even spell their own name. If they are that popular and pretty why would they also want to be smart?

I just don't get it. It makes no sense to me. I wish I could go right up to them and ask. I wish it was that simple. If I even tell anyone my reason for getting shoved into the locks, no one will believe me because it just doesn't sound like the populars. They have people to do their homework. Well, I shall find out tomorrow in school.

September 13,

*Well that did not go as planned. Not one of them seemed to want to be as smart as me. In fact they all seemed surprised that I came up with something like that. So I guess I can cross intelligence off the list. But not just yet, I still believe that this is the right answer. I'm not gonna give up. There is no other answer that fits this well. Now I know what I must do. I must confront the populars and ask. No. Instead, I should call her out. That's what I should do. Maybe not. After all she was once my friend.*

Okay this might sound strange to you. But yes I was once friends with the populars. It was a long time ago like back in elementary school, when everyone learned the same thing at the same time. It was before I was put under the title 'nerd'. They were great friends. They were honest, trustworthy, and we were as close as friends could be. Until we got into middle school. It was sixth grade and I was in all the advanced classes and they were in all the lower level classes. Then they put me under the title of a nerd, and from then on, we could no longer stand each other.

After that day we couldn't even look at each other. There goes 6 years of friendship down the drain. In that time I could have found someone who wouldn't have done that to me. But no. I *had* to be friends with them. Being friends with the populars is the greatest thing in the world besides love. You would get everything that you wanted, someone else did your homework and got it all right. It's a good life until you see how they get the people to do things for them. The memory of Bethany still lingers in my mind. I was so close to being like Bethany. Luckily I remembered the years when people did my work and how miserable they looked.

Taking advantage of people is cruel and uncalled for. No one should be your slave. Everyone should be treated equally. Titles should be gone and no one should ever have to obsess with how they look. I tell people to be themselves and people will, except them, for that. That is probably one of the many reasons the populars hate me so much. They go around telling people that they look bad and they constantly talk about people behind their back. But then they don't even do it quietly. Instead of whispering they scream it in the middle of the hall. That is one reason I hate the Populars.

Okay, that should be enough to let you understand how my school runs. However, this school, North High, can be worse than this. People will be stuffed in lockers, and there will always be one fight per day. Of course the teachers don't care. After all why would they, they

all hate us because we disrupt the class, we pass notes, and some students even go with the classic spitball. Sometimes it will be fun other times it will be like you are stuck inside jail. This is a common day at North High.

October 21,

*Okay, so I never really did call out the populars no matter how much they annoy me. Well it took me a while but today I found out that it's not all three populars just the leader, Ashely. Ashely, the name of the most popular person in the school. No matter how hard I try I won't be as good as her. I don't care about being popular. Never did, never will. I just want to ask her why she hates me or why she hurts me the most? I still don't get it the second month of my third year of high school and I am still clueless. I promise that this year I will muster up the courage and ask her my questions, even if it takes me the whole year. I will find out the answer.*

The more I think of it high school cliques are like math equations. Lets say you have five members to a clique and you loose the leader to another clique. Your solution is simple you now have four people one person now becomes the new leader and someone else leaves their clique and joins yours. So you see in simpler words if you loose your leader, the group becomes lost and then a few days later replace the leader with an old member and a new member takes that old members spot. There are many different ways of looking at this us "nerds" look at it very complicated ways, well it might be complicated to you but not to us.

Everyone belongs to a clique, a group that everyone is similar in some way, the nerds have one, the spelling bee champions have one, and yes the popular people have one. No one is left without a clique. Some people join a different clique secretively because they don't want people to know what they enjoy doing. For instance someone in the populars could join the nerds clique without anyone knowing because in each clique you don't really tell people who is in your clique. Us nerds have a saying for our clique, pi is fine as long as its a secret. This is basically saying that the people in our clique is pi because we are a large number of people and the people in our group are safe as long as they keep it a secret.

So far our saying is still strong. We are all excepting of each other. Well sorta, people are scared to be seen with me because they say I am the cause of them getting hurt by the populars. Which might be true because the do hate me. But whatever some still hang out with me. I wish that the populars would go away so my friends will hang out with me, but no they have to follow me everywhere and hurt me and my friends everywhere we go. I am beginning to wonder who is telling them where I go. Ashley has to have someone in my group part of her clique. But who?

October 23,

*Today I found out who is her spy. I would never guess it was her. The girl in my clique that I trust the most. But why would she do this to me? I never did anything to her. Our saying had now been broken. Yeah a secret, I knew she could never keep a secret if her life depended on it. What am I going to do one of my friends is now one of the enemies. To think out of all people, Alley, the one I have most in common with, would be the one to betray me.*

Let me take you back to when I found out. Passing in the hallway, the time you get to go

to your locker or even talk to friends, is when you hear the latest gossip. I usually like to hear what's going on. Most of the time it's funny or it's weird. This passing time was different. I heard the worst rumor ever. It was about my best friend, a popular. At first I denied it, then I thought about it. She wasn't much of a nerd, she always had nice clothes and wore a lot of makeup. Why did it take this to figure it out, she has been like this since freshman year. I may be much of a nerd but I still don't realize things that are right in front of my face.

All of a sudden I heard a faint, almost inaudible ring, the bell had rung as I zoned out, causing me to be late for class. Someone is going to know something is up, I'm never late for a class. I have to go no matter what. I can't have a missed class. Everyone knows I was at school today. I was even talking to people in that class right before it started. I can't sit right next to Alley. I can't stand her, she has made herself a new enemy. Wait. If I go to class I can ask her why. Yes, I made up my mind. I better run though before my math teacher, Mrs. Knaing, calls the nurse asking for me.

Darting down the hallway, I dodge all the people walking down toward the bathroom and the office. Once my mind is set, there is no way of changing it. I finally reach my classroom. I slid on my heels and almost fell forward the classroom and the hallway went silent when they heard the loud screech of my rubber soles gliding against the white and black speckled tile floor. I took a quick glance over my right shoulder into the classroom and saw at least twenty kids' heads out the door with a surprised expression on their face.

I stood there waiting for someone to break the silence with anything, a word, a sentence anything. But no, everyone had to stand there, not even asking if I'm okay. Just silence. So I took it upon myself to break it. The words flew out of my mouth before I could even think if they sounded right. "Why did you tell her everything?!"

All their heads turned to the side like a dog when they don't know what to do. I stood there waiting, and waiting. Still no answer instead the teacher had to open her big mouth and tell me and whoever that was directed to, to go to guidance. I shoved my way through the crowd in the doorway and grabbed Alley's arm and ferociously pulled her out.

After lugging her for half the hallway she broke free and just stood there. "What is your problem?!" Alley exclaimed as she clutched the wrist I've been holding onto. Luckily we were right in front of the guidance office, when Alley decided to yell again. This time her voice gradually got louder until it reached its highest point. Her face turned bright red, she looked like a sun rise on a snowy day. Her skin reminded me of a clean sheet of paper, pale with a small splash of color. The secretary for our councilor was so frightened to come near us instead she cowered back into her office. I crept a little closer to Alley as she began to back away. I opened my mouth but nothing came out, I had nothing to say to her at this moment.

"What do you want? You dragged me across the hall like an old rag doll. Now you got me here and are accusing me of telling Ashley everything? What kind of friend are you?"

At this moment I was positive that she would just run away. No, of course she didn't. She had to be the center of attention and stand there waiting for a response. I stood there frozen for a second, then shook my head.

"I'm sorry if you felt that way. However I know you did, I see you talking to her every single day right after I tell you where I'm going or what I'm doing after school. And you're asking me what kind of friend I am? Why don't you look at what you do and think to yourself what kind of friend you have been to me. Then come and talk to me again."

I couldn't believe those words just came out of my mouth. As soon as those words came out she blew up into tears and ran away to her next class. I stood flat against the wall and slip down very slowly. My head hit the wall at the same exact time the bell rang. We would never talk to each other again.

*November 12,*

*Today, the last day before a one week break. Maybe during this break my mind will clear from all the drama occurring at my school. Well, I hope so. Probably not, considering Alley lives next door to me. I really don't want to see her face. Never again do I want to hear her voice after what she did to me. Just have to get through this day and I will be in my house for one week doing nothing but sleeping.*

Everyone go away and leave me alone! I just want to get through this day and it seems to go slower each time someone stops to talk to me. I slowly sit in a chair at my lunch table praying no one would even come near me. Of course, that wouldn't happen, someone has to sit right next to me and annoy me for the time that we sit there. All I wanted to do was scream in her face and tell her to shut up no one cares. However, I'm too nice of a person to do that so I sat there pretending to listen. The only thing on my mind right now is Alley and how she must be having fun being part of the Populars. I really do miss her though.

It might sound weird considering that I am the one who told her to never talk to me again, but I do miss her. We were friends forever and I thought that we would be friends until the day we die, I must have died and came back to life than because we are not even close to friends. Even though it has only been about ten days but life seems empty without her. We did everything together, we shared secrets, went to the mall, everything you could think that best friends would do we did. I quickly glanced at the one table surrounded by every wanna-be in the school, to see Alley looking back. I give her a small quick wave and turn around holding back my tears. That was the first time I have even looked at her since the fight.

The bell rang and everyone rushed to the doors. Well everyone except my table and the Populars table. We repeat the same routine each day, my table stands first and goes to say a friendly hello to one member of their table, and they reply with a shot hi. Now there is the same number of people in their table and ours. With my luck, I get the newest member, Alley, and decide to change our normal conversation to something more important.

"Hey Alley, how have you been?" I ask while rubbing my arm behind my back.

"Um, life has been pretty good I guess, if you consider not spending everyday with your best friend good." Alley responded with tears in her eyes. I could tell not being friends was killing her. The bell goes off as usual, we are all late. I grab her arm and make her come to the level she belongs in, the same high levels that I am in.

This feels right, but it feels wrong to force her to come back. I should really have let her choose. But then again if I didn't bring her to this class she would have forgotten all about this class and how much the people love her in this class. Just thinking about how she must have been treated in the lower level. Especially with how smart she truly is. I hope she doesn't get mad at me for this. After all I am only trying to help her get back to her normal self. As class went on my mind raced with thoughts about Alley and how she is feeling to be back into the spot she should be in. In the background all I heard was a small noise coming from the teacher. She

sounded like a teacher from one of the old Saturday cartoons. My head drifted to the side and I stared at Alley seeing her smile again made me feel so happy. It is just an amazing feeling knowing that you made someone better. I will cherish this day and remember it forever, I hope she will to.

Finally period 5 ended and we get to talk. This first thing I do is go over to Alley to make sure she is okay and still happy.

“Listen, Alley, I am really sorry for what happened a few days ago. I was over reacting. It turned out to be a silly rumor. Now I believe that you wouldn’t betray me like that.” I explain to Alley why I did what I did the other day. “No hard feelings?”

“No hard feelings! What are you, five? Of course there are hard feelings, you just started yelling at me for something that I may or may have not done. F.Y.I. I did do that, just to clear that up and you think I would be your friend after that. I wasn’t even your friend before that.” I was shocked, this had to be a dream, yeah only a dream. We must have been at lunch and I slipped and hit my head and this is all a dream. It sure doesn’t seem like a dream, it is too real. This can’t be happening. I pinched myself a few times to make myself wake up. All I felt was pain, this was really happening.

“Alley... Are you serious? Or are you just joking like you used to do when we were younger?” This time I was actually confused. It takes a lot to get me confused.

“What do you think? Like I would be friends with a nerd like you. In your dreams, the only time we were friends was before you decided to take a trip to Loserville. You are... Correction *were* one of the worst friends ever and I was friends with Emma, a lifeless loser who didn’t have any sense of style and was the nerdiest of them all. Until I met you then you were and are the nerdiest of them all. Congratulations.” The smile grew on Alley’s face as she said that. My head shook from side to side as tears rolled down my face. I couldn’t believe that this could actually happen. I shuffled my way over to my friends who are in the corner of the classroom and go straight to my boyfriend, who gives me a hug and tries to get me to calm down.

“To think after all this time I would have introduced you to Broc , the sweetest and smartest guy in this school. Your loss, now he is mine and did I mention he is the captain of the football team. Aren’t you the one who told me I would never get a boyfriend. Hey, look what I have and you don’t.” I manage to say, catching my breath every few seconds, as I turn around away from Broc getting stronger each time. Tears still rushing down my face. “I will always be the better and stronger person because you will always be the one who everyone hates. That is all you will ever be, you will be nothing more than a cold-hearted wanna-be.” Broc stoped me there before things get even more ugly. I didn’t struggle to get out of his arms I just quickly said what had to be said. “I know how much you like Broc, I remember you telling me that one morning in the bus. Now I know why he chose me over you.”

Who knew it would end like this. Who knew that Alley would turn on me, well I was sorta already knew it was bound to happen. After all, she is true I am a huge nerd but at least I have friends and a boyfriend. I didn’t feel bad for her when those words escaped, they came from the heart and that is how I really feel about her.

*December 12,*

*One month exactly from when it all happened, Alley and I grew farther apart. Ever sense the whole fight in the math room Broc is helping my control my anger because we are still in the*

*same classes. She will be gone in January though. This thought makes me so happy. No Alley for the rest of the school year. I could get used to that. All the teachers changed our seats so we are as far away from each other as possible. Lets hope today will be amazing and I won't even have to see her face.*

On the bus I moved to the back to get away from Alley and who knew everyone there would like me more than anyone in the front did. I am never leaving the spot, we are learning all the same things and we do our homework together. They are so much cooler than any of the Juniors. They are all Seniors which means they won't be here next year for me. Just the thought of not having people who care for me makes me sad.

First period of the day that would have been the tenth year that we were friends. No. No, I don't care about her. She means nothing to me and she will never mean anything to me. This teacher knows nothing about what happened between us and she doesn't care where we sit, we used to sit next to each other now Alley sits in the far left corner and I sit right in the center of the classroom next to Broc. I always catch Alley staring in this direction and I find that Broc is staring at her but I am not letting that get between me and him. She can try to steal him all she wants, as long as I am on the face of the planet Broc will be mine.

The school day is coming to an end and I haven't said a word to each other and I hope it will end that way. I still have Broc she has no one but the Populars. That is the way that it is going to end and should stay for next year but you never know what could happen next.